With downe right payment lent vnto my father,
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his carre,
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.
Yorke. My aſhes like the *Phœnix* may bring forth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I caſt mine eyes to heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.
Why ſtay you Lords? what, multitudes and feare?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer,
So Doues do pecke the Rauens piercing tallents,
So deſperate theeues, all hopeleſſe of their liues,
Breathe out inuectiues 'gainſt the Officers.
Yorke. Oh Clifford, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde ore-runne my former time,
And byte thy tongue that ſlanderſt him with cowardiſe,
Whoſe very looke hath made thee quake ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twice two for one.
Queene. Hold valiant *Clifford*, for a thouſand cauſes
I would prolong the traitors life a while.
Wrath makes him deafe, ſpeake thou *Northumberland.*
Nor. Hold *Clifford*, do not honour him ſo much,
To pricke thy finger, though to wound his heart,
What valour where it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thruſt his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might ſpurne him with his foote away?
Tis warres prize to take all aduantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres.

Fight and take him.

Clif. I, I, ſo ſtriues the Woodcoke with the gin.
North. So doth the Cunny ſtruggle with the net.
Yorke. So triumphs theeues vpon their conquer'd booty,
So true men yeeld, by robbbers ouer-matcht.
North. What will your grace haue done with him?
Queene. Braue warriours, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him ſtand vpon this mole-hill heere,
That aimde at Mountaines with out-ſtretched arme,

And

And parted but the ſhadow with his hand.
Was it you that reueld in our Parliament,
And made a prechment of your high deſcent?
Where are your meſſe of ſonnes to backe you now?
The wanton *Edward*, and the luſty *George*?
Or wher's that valiant crookt-backt prodegy?
Dickey your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutinies?
Or mongſt the reſt, where is your darling *Rutland*?
Looke *Yorke*, I dipt this napkin in the blood,
That valiant Clifford with his rapiers point,
Made iſſue from the boſome of thy boy.
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I giue thee this to dry thy cheekes withall.
Alas poore *Yorke*: but that I hate thee much,
I ſhould lament thy miſerable ſtate.
I prethee grieue to make me merry, Yorke:
Stampe, raue and fret, that I may ſing and dance.
VVhat, hath thy fiery heart ſo parch thine entrailes,
That not a teare can fall for *Rutlands* death?
Thou wouldſt be feede I ſee, to make me ſport.
Yorke cannot ſpeake, vnleſſe he weare a crowne.
A crowne for Yorke, and Lords bow low to him.
So, hold you his hands, whilſt I do ſet it on.
I, now lookes he like a King.
This is he that tooke King *Henries* chaire,
And this is he was his adopted heyre.
But how is it that great Plantagenet,
Is crownd ſo ſoone, and broke his holy oath,
As I bethinke me, you ſhould not be King,
Till our Henry had ſhooke hands with death,
and will you impale your head with *Henries* glory,
and rob his temples of the Diadem
Now in his life, againſt your holy oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,
and whilſt we breathe, take time to do him dead.